



BUCANIER'S BRIDE.

Away, away o'er the boundless deep,
We merrily, merrily roam ;
Come, man your breaks, while the mermaid sleep,
With a song of the highland home.

On the deck I stand, with my gallant band,
To guide my love o'er the sea ;
To the spicy isles, where the bright sun smiles
With its golden fruits for you.

To the land of the rose where the ruby grows
With its thousand gems so bright ;
I'll deck thy brow as the morn doth now
With its fairy beams of light.

Sleep on, sleep on, my virgin bright,
Nor dream of your highland home ;
We brothers will watch by the bucanier's bride,
'Till the dew on the twilight is gone.

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